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THE OBSERVATOR.

... the King of Spain's *Landing. The* Country-man's *Verses on that Subject. Of the* Portugal *Expedition. Of the Prophanity of the* Englisſh *Stage.*

From **Wednesday** December the 29th, to **Saturday** January the 1ſt, 170¼.

HOneſt *Country-man*, I hope you have brought ſome better News from *London* this Time, than you did the laſt Journey; I hope you have made better Enquiries than about a Blockhead in a Parſons Gown, if not, we muſt ſend you back again.

Country-m. I have got rare News, the King of *Spain* is Arrived, and gone to *Windſor* to wait on my Queen, who is his Mother by Adoption, as are all the Confederated Powers againſt *France* her Children. It is a great Honour to our Nation, that our Queen makes ſo conſiderable a Figure in *Europe*; that Her Name, like that of the Mighty *Williams*, is born on the Wings of Fame to the utmoſt Confines of the Terreſtrial Globe. So Great a Queen, and ſo Potent a People, are not only the Wonder, but the Terrour of thoſe Kingdoms and States that are ſo unhappy as not to be in Alliance with them. And much more Glorious would the Crown and the Realm of *England* be, were we once free'd from thoſe Vermin the *Papiſts*, *High-Flyers* and *Non-jurors*, who all Center in the Common Name of *Perkinites*. I found abundance of thoſe Wretches at a Coffee-Houſe on *Wedneſday* laſt, where they were Reading the Publick News, which gave an Account of the King of *Spains* being Arrived at *Portſmouth*; they were bantring his Family, his Expedition, and call'd him I don't know how many Hard Names, I wiſh'd 'em all the ſame Fate with the *Gaderens* Swine, and made a very fair Elopement into better Company at the Tavern, where I found a parcel of Red-Hot Firſt-Rate *Engliſhmen* Drinking my Queens Health, the King of *Spains*, the Succeſſion in the Proteſtant Line, the Church of *England*, and the Toleration; you know I could ſwallow all this without Kecking: But one of the Company calling me by the Name of Honeſt *Country-man*, there was preſently a Whiſpering among ſuch of the Company as did not know me, and at length I found their Secret Enquiry was, whether I was not that Honeſt *Country-man* that carried the News to the *Obſervator*; which being diſcovered, they all put upon me to make ſome Verſes on the King of *Spains* Landing, and on his intended Expedition; I told 'em if the *Obſervator* was preſent, he would Oblige them with ſome Heroick Lines on that Subject, but that mine was a Ruſtick Muſe, and reach'd no higher than a Ballad, which every now and then ſerv'd to pleaſe my Honeſt Loyal Neighbours in a Chimney-Corner, over a Mug of *October* Beer, and a Toaſt and Cheeſe. They pretended themſelves to be Admirers of Country Simplicity, and that thoſe Verſes were beſt that were moſt free from the Embelliſhments of Art; whereupon I Scribbl'd down the following Ballad, with as much Eaſe as *Rabbi Bunyan* wrote his Verſes, or Parſon *Smut* talks Nonſenſe; and whether they lik'd it or no, I don't care one Farthing.

From Foreign Shores the Youthful Monarch's come;
And with him bears the Fate of France *and* Rome:
Loud Hurricanes and Tempeſts clear'd the Air,
And firſt Proclaim'd the Mighty Prince of War;
The Roaring Winds, which thro' the Æther flew,
Foretold the Peals of Thunder would enſue.
When Hercules *Deceas'd on* Oata's *Top,*
Imperial Jove *large* Pines *and* Oaks *did Lop;*
With Whirlwinds he the lofty Woods did Spoil,
And Rob'd the Groves to make his Funeral Pile;
Meteors and Comets fill the Azure Skies,
When ſome great Prince is Born, or ſome great Monarch Dies.

Ceaſe now ye Winds, no more ſuch Roarings keep;
Let all ill Natur'd Storms be huſht aſleep,
And Halcyons *Brood upon the Silent Deep.*
The Oceans *Burden is* Britannia's *Care,*
On him depends the Dire Event of War:
He, like the Sun, muſt Livening Rays Diſpence,
And diſtant Armies, by his Influence,
Muſt Move and Act, for his Succeſs muſt wait:
For he determines Spains *and* Europes *Fate.*

Rous'd by Report of Fame, and Stories told,
How Englands *Queen gave Laws in Times of Old*
To Neighbouring Lands, and Rul'd the Spacious Sea,
While Trembling Nations did Her Laws Obey;
He comes to ſee the Queen, whoſe Mighty Name
So much extends the Spacious Mouth of Fame;
To hear Her Wiſdom, and to learn of Her
How he muſt Govern in another Sphere.

Go, Mighty Monarch, to thy Kingdoms go,
And be thy Lands Palladium *from the Foe!*
May Rough Biſcaia's *Waves, which Riſe and Swell,*
At thy approach be Calm, and Smooth, and Still;
May Spaniards *Conſcious of thy worth Prepare*
To meet with Joy their Lawful Prince from Far;
And like the Britons *Cover all the* Strand,
When Glorious William *to their Aid did Land:*
May every Poſt, and each diſpatch't Expreſs,
Bring Joyful Tydings of this good Succeſs!

Obſ. This deſerves a little better Title than a Ballad, and may paſs for Country Heroicks; but you may give what Title you pleaſe to what you Write. I have forewarn'd you of Poetry; Poverty is its certain Companion, and, if you are an Honeſt Man, 'tis the worſt Qualification that can be; for Truth ſpoken in Verſe maketh the deepeſt Impreſſion, and meets with the higheſt Reſentment. If you can't Flatter in Rhime, you had better keep to Honeſt Proſe; and you find in that too, too much Truth is not to be ſpoken.

I rejoyce Exceedingly at the News you bring of the King of *Spains* Arrival: We have now got that Cordial in *England*, which the People of *Portugal*, and

and *Spain* long for, to Chear up their Spirits. Delays in War are Extreamly Dangerous, and good Reſolutions taken, ought to be Executed with the greateſt Diſpatch. But what ſhall we ſay, when our Enterprizes are retarded by a Fatal Neceſſity? 'Tis in vain to complain of the Decrees of Heaven. He that Numbers our Days knows beſt how, and when to forward, or keep us back from Action; and thoſe Act on the ſafeſt Bottom, who ſubmit themſelves to over-ruling Providence. Has this Expedition, on which the State of *Europe* ſeems to depend, been kept back by Storms and Tempeſts? Have ſome Ships been ſtranded, and others loſt, which occaſioned a Procraſtination of Buſineſs? We muſt ſubmit; and by the Nations due Senſe of it, and Humiliation for it, we may hope it will be, what it was deſigned, for our Good.

We may with more Safety Attribute the Delay of this Expedition to Providence, than to thoſe who have Superintended this Affair in *England*. God is All-wiſe in his Counſels, and whatſoever he does is Conſiſtent with Infinite Wiſdom: We cannot ſay ſo of Men; and yet ſhould we ſay otherwiſe of them, we ſhould Incur their Diſpleaſure; and therefore we will not Reaſon the Point, Whether our Forces might not with leſs Danger and Charges, have been ſent Directly from *Ireland* to *Portugal*, than to come to *Spithead*, and there wait the Arrival of the King of *Spain*; The Advantages and Diſadvantages ſeem to be theſe.

If the Forces deſigned for the *Portugal Expedition* had gone directly from *Ireland*, they had been there time enough to have had a Seaſoning to the Country, and had been ready for Action upon the Arrival of the King of *Spain*. They were at *Ireland* in a fair way for *Portugal*, and within about 20 or 30 Leagues as near the Rock of *Liſbon* as the Iſle of *Wight*; and the ſame *Convoy* that Guarded them to one Place, might have *Convoy'd* them to the other. By coming to the Iſle of *Wight*, they run the Hazard of Stranding on the *Rocks*, or meeting with *Privateers* in the *Chaps* of the *Chanel*; all which they would have avoided had they gone directly from *Ireland*: And I leave any Man acquainted with marine Affairs (who are the only Proper Judges in this Caſe) to Conſider, how far our Forces deſigned for that Expedition, who are now in *Hampſhire*, are come out of their way from *Ireland* to *Portugal*.

If we have made any Omiſſions in a thing ſo neceſſary to the Safety of *Europe*, and the Confederate Cauſe, we ought now to Retrieve it by the greateſt Application and Induſtry. We never had a greater Opportunity of advancing the Common Cauſe, and in all our Actions we ought to behave our ſelves ſo as we may expect the Divine Aſſiſtance and Bleſſing on our Endeavours: And Reformation of Manners, a Timely Repentance of Publick and Private Sins, are the trueſt Preſages and the only Happy Omens of Future Succeſs.

Country-m. All this, Sir, is the Truth, and nothing but the Truth; and therefore I am altogether for the Bill, you ſometime ago mentioned, for preventing *Occaſional Conformity* with the Devils Chappel, the *Play-Houſe*. The late Dreadful Storm is in every Mans Memory; and my Queen and all Her good Subjects eſteem'd it as a ſpecial Judgment from the Almighty upon this Sinful Land; but thoſe Impudent Fellows, the Players, w call themſelves Her Majeſties Servants, a Days after we felt that Dreadful Storm, En tain'd the Town with the Ridiculous Repre tations of what fill'd us with the greateſt Hor in the Play call'd *Mackbeth*; as if they deſig to mock the Almighty Power of God, *Who a Commands the Winds and the Seas, and they Obey h* Is not this a Dreadful Thing, that Impious a Blaſphemous Wretches ſhould Ridicule that Am zing and Stupendous Judgment, on the Accou of which, my Queen, by the Advice of Her Pri Council, has Ordered a General and Solemn Fa to be Obſerved throughout the whole Kingdom *England?*

Obſ. We have enow Men in every Place, i every State and Condition; to Eſpouſe and Plea the Cauſe of Parties to the Deſtruction of t Commonwealth; but where are they to be foun who will Plead the Cauſe of God, of our Hol Religion and of poor Weather-beaten Vertue? Thi is a ſad Omen of our haſty Deſtruction, whe we, who pretend our ſelves to be Members of th beſt Church of *Europe*, are Upbraided by the Po piſh Allies, who have now laid aſide all manner o Plays and Interludes. I ſhall give you ſome of the Lewd and Blaſphemous Expreſſions uſed on the *Engliſh* Stage, and then Judge you whether ſuch Impious Practices ought to be Tolerated in *England*.

In the Play call'd, The Provok'd Wife.

But more than all that, you muſt know, I was afraid of being Damn'd in thoſe Days; for I kept Sneaking Cowardly Company, Fellows that went to Church and ſaid Grace to their Meat, and had not the leaſt Tincture of Quality about 'em,

Damn 'em both, with all my Heart, and every thing elſe that Daggles a Petticoat; except Four Generous Whores, with Betty Sands *at the Head of 'em, who were Drunk with my Lord* Rake *and I, ten times in a Fortnight.*

Sure, if Woman had been ready Created, the Devil inſtead of being kick'd down into Hell had been Married.

Pox of my Family.
Pox of her Vertue.
He has Married me, and be Dam'd to him.
Pox of the Parſon.
Damn Morality, and Damn the Watch.
Let me ſpeak and be Damn'd. { *This is ſpoken by one in a Miniſter's Habit.*
And you and your Wife may be Damn'd,
Stand off and be Damn'd.
Damn me, if you han't.

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